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men and women with whom he came in contact. They had supposed that, after Béranger's departure, the stores of his journals and letters would open a mass of facts which in life his kindly temper suppressed. But they have found that he has said nothing more from "beyond his tomb," than he said on this side of it. He has not imitated Chateaubriand in gratifying curiosity by posthumous revelations, of which in life he was not willing to meet the responsibility. His posthumous biography is true to the spirit of the man. He tells all about himself that he thinks ought to be known, all that will help to explain his acts and illustrate his character, and nothing about others that can hurt the feelings of friends, or show him as an enemy, a censor, or a cynic. Clearness, frankness, and good humor are the characteristics (and, in our view, the signal merits) of Béranger's personal narrative. If it tells only what was known before, it tells this in an authentic and natural way, and in a style of inimitable grace, as much superior to the "Confessions" of Lamartine as the lyrics of the patriot are superior to the effusions of the sentimentalist. The biography does not include the latter years of Béranger's life. It bears the date of 1840. To supply the deficiency, we have the poet's later songs, in which the force of his life adequately shows itself. These songs, the work of age, bear no mark of declining power. They are as fresh and bright as the stanzas which animated the people in the days of the First Empire and the Restoration. Their spirit is the same, their fire is the same. Nearly a hundred are given, besides fragments of others contained in the biography.

Not the least valuable part of this rich volume is the Appendix, containing Béranger's correspondence with some of the French notables, particularly with Lamennais and Chateaubriand. These letters show his true, brave, and incorruptible spirit. Some fifty pages of "notes," too, drawn up by the poet's own hand, are added, explaining the occasion and meaning of the songs published by him before 1825. More than one suspicion is removed, and more than one pet theory exploded, by these instructive notes.

11.—*Les Squatters,—La Clairière du Bois des Hogues.* Par GABRIEL FERRY. Paris. 12mo. pp. 259.

"GABRIEL FERRY" is the *nom de plume* of Count Louis de Belle-mare, who bears a name already celebrated in French literature, and needs no fictitious designation to give popularity to his writings. In the volume which we notice there are two stories. One of these,

“The Glade in the Forest of Hogues,” is chiefly remarkable for its finished and chaste style, and the familiarity which it shows with the less known antiquities of France. The other is a story which will be very attractive to American readers, for the pictures of life which it gives in the backwoods of Virginia, on the Ohio and Mississippi steamers, on the prairies, and at the mines of California. Following a fine description of San Francisco and its bay, the story opens with the voyage of a young Frenchman from Havre, by way of New Orleans and the rivers, to take possession of a claim of five hundred acres of land in Western Virginia, which had been pledged to him as security for a friendly loan. After several experiences, which are graphically told, the village of Guyandot is reached, and the new immigrant learns for the first time the broad difference between “owning a claim” and possessing the land. He finds the original word “squatter” practically illustrated on his own domain, and discovers that, before he can live there, he must win his place by desperate fighting. Fortunately, on the very night before the morning when the fight is to take place, a newspaper comes into the squatter’s cabin, which tells about California and its gold, and makes the squatter now as eager to leave his unlawful home as he was before obstinately determined to hold it. The combat is relinquished, the squatter and his family set off at once, and the Frenchman takes solemn and solitary possession of his broad territory. But the bright eyes of the squatter’s daughter disturb his dreams, and he finds that the free life of a Virginian land-holder is too grandly dull. In a few weeks, he is following the family, bound, though with a different motive, to the same Western Colchis and Pactolus. He joins a caravan at St. Louis, meets with various adventures on the prairies, and finally overtakes the family of his squatter friend in season to make common cause with them in the mining district, and to protect them from the dangers which he had discovered to be impending over them. He does not succeed, however, in preventing a murder and its terrible vengeance, and he comes away in the end disgusted, without marrying the damsel who had allured him to such scenes of barbarity. The story is not sufficiently complete to satisfy practised novel-readers, and it does not come out exactly right. But as a series of American sketches, not too highly colored, yet strongly enough drawn to make them distinct, it shows great ability. The brilliant writer, who in the current numbers of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* is showing up the gravities and gayeties of Kentucky life, may have more wit; but his description cannot be considered as much better than amusing extravaganza. Gabriel Ferry’s statements are veracious, in his account both of customs and of charac-

ter. The scenes, the acts, and the men are all genuine. Hunting the buffalo and tracking the bear are as truly described as the lying in wait for the Mexican thief or the stern execution of Lynch Law. The story ought to be translated.

12.—*Republic of the West. Order and Progress. The Catechism of Positivism; or, Summary Exposition of the Universal Religion. In Thirteen Systematic Conversations between a Woman and a Priest of Humanity.* By AUGUSTE COMTE. Translated from the French. By RICHARD CONGREVE. London: John Chapman. 1858. 16mo. pp. 428.

As an exact reasoner and a demonstrator of facts, Comte is entitled to rank with the greatest minds of this century. In his larger works, the extent of his knowledge and the ability of his criticism seemed almost to excuse his repulsive theories. But in this condensed catechism the worthlessness and folly of his system appear in bold relief. There is no beauty in this substitute for faith and for society, which he so confidently offers. There is no charm in this abstract humanity, which he presents to us in the stead of a God,—in this *subjective*, unconscious immortality, which he sets in the place of the Christian doctrine of spiritual life,—in this exaltation of feminine sentiment above masculine thought. Very few who read this “Catechism of Positive Philosophy” will accept its doctrine, even if they understand its positions and its teaching. Comte labors to make his scheme seem rational, as well as any abstract reasoner can; but he will hardly persuade men of sound mind that such a scheme is desirable, if it were possible; or possible, if it were desirable. The reorganization of society which he proposes, is too exclusively scientific to have any show of practicability; and his book, therefore, can be regarded only as a curious specimen of misdirected human ingenuity. It cannot be treated with contempt; for its tone is earnest, sincere, and charitable. Its moral standard is not low, though it is far enough from being Christian. In the disinterestedness of its maxims, teaching that the great end of man is to live for his fellow-men, there is a sort of sublimity, which the details of the scheme unfortunately destroy. The grandeur of the thought is quite lost, when all its proportions are drawn out with mathematical exactness, and when all mystic elements, all individual freedom and spontaneity, are so carefully eliminated. The Catalogue of the Positivist Library, for instance, utterly loses dignity when one learns that it contains just one hundred and fifty volumes, in four departments, thirty in Poetry, thirty